WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14)

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k. Shakspere

C.34.l.14

A

PLEASANT

Conceited Comedie

CALLED,

Loues labors loſt.

As it vvas preſented before her Highnes this laſt Chriſtmas.

Newly corrected and augmented
By W. Shakeſpere.

Imprinted at London by *W.W.*
for *Cutbert Burby.*
1598.

Enter Ferdinand K. of Nauar, Berovvne,
Longauill, and Dumaine.

Ferdinand.

LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lyues,
Liue registred vpon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs, in the disgrace of death:
When spight of cormorant deuouring Time,
Thendeuour of this present breath may buy:
That honour which shall bate his sythes keene edge,
And make vs heires of all eternitie.
Therefore braue Conquerours, for so you are,
That warre against your owne affections,
And the hudge armie of the worldes desires.
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,
Nauar shall be the wonder of the worlde,
Our Court shalbe a lytlle Achademe,
Still and contemplatyue in lyuing art.
You three, *Berowne*, *Dumaine*, and *Longauill*,
Haue sworne for three yeeres tearme, to liue with me:
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
That are recorded in this sedule here.
Your othes are past, and now subscribe your names:
That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,
That violates the smallest branch herein.
If you are armd to do, as sworne to do,
Subscribe to your deepe othes, and keepe it to.

Longauill. I am resolued, tis but a thee yeeres fast:
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches haue leane pates: and daynty bits
Make rich the ribbes, but bancrout quite the wits.

Dumaine. My louing Lord, *Dumaine* is mortefied,
The grosser manner of these worldes delyghts:
He throwes vppon the grosse worlds baser slaues

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To loue, to wealth, to pome, I pine and die,
With all these lyuing in Philosophie.
Berowne. I can but say their protestation ouer,
So much deare Liedge, I haue already sworne,
That is, to lyue and study heere three yeeres.
But there are other strickt obseruances:
As not to see a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:
And but one meale on euery day beside:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to sleepe but three houres in the nyght,
And not be seene to wincke of all the day.
When I was wont to thinke no harme all nyght,
And make a darke nyght too of halfe the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O these are barraine taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to see Ladyes, study, fast, not sleepe.
Ferd. Your othe is past, to passe away from these,
Berow. Let me say no my liedge, and yf you please,
I onely swore to study with your grace,
And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.
Longa. You swore to that *Berowne*, and to the rest.
Bero. By yea and nay sir, than I swore in iest.
What is the ende of study, let me know?
Ferd. Why that to know which else we should not know.
Ber. Things hid & bard (you meane) from cammon sense.
Ferd. I, that is studies god-like recompence.
Bero. Com'on then, I will sweare to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressely am forbid,
Or study where to meete some Mistris fine.
When Mistresses from common sense are hid.
Or hauing sworne too hard a keeping oth,
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,

Sweare me to this, and I will nere say no.
Ferd. These be the stopps that hinder studie quit,
And traine our intelects to vaine delight.
Bero. Why? all delightes are vaine, but that most vaine
Which with payne purchas'd, doth inherite payne,
As painefully to poare vpon a Booke,
To seeke the lyght of trueth, while trueth the whyle
Doth falsely blinde the eye-sight of his looke:
Light seeking light, doth light of light beguyle:
So ere you finde where light in darknes lyes,
Your light growes darke by loosing of your eyes.
Studie me how to please the eye in deede,
By fixing it vppon a fayrer eye,
Who dazling so, that eye shalbe his heed,
And giue him light that it was blinded by.
Studie is lyke the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe searcht with sawcie lookes:
Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,
Saue base authoritie from others Bookes.
These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,
That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,
Haue no more profite of their shyning nights,
Then those that walke and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And euery Godfather can giue a name.
Ferd. How well hees read to reason against reading.
Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.
Lon. He weedes the corne, & still lets grow the weeding.
Ber. The Spring is neare when greene geese are a bree-
Duma. How followes that? (ding.
Ber. Fit in his place and tyme.
Duma. In reason nothing.
Bero. Something then in rime.
Ferd. *Berowne* is like an enuious sneaping Frost,
That bites the first borne infants of the Spring.
Bero. Well, say I am, why should proude Sommer boast,
Before the Birdes haue any cause to sing?
Why should I ioy in any abhortiue byrth?

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At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,
Then wish a Snow in Mayes new fangled showes:
But like of each thing that in season growes,
So you to studie now it is too late,
Clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the little gate.
Ferd. Well, sit you out: go home *Berowne*: adue.
Bero. No my good Lord, I haue sworne to stay with you.
And though I haue for barbarisme spoke more
Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue sworne,
And bide the pennance of each three yeeres day.
Giue me the paper, let me reade the same,
And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name.
Fer. How well this yeelding rescewes thee from shame.
Ber. Item, That no woman shall come within a myle of my Court. Hath this bin proclaymed?
Long. Foure dayes ago.
Ber. Lets see the penaltie. On payne of loosing her tung.
Who deuis'd this penaltie?
Long. Marrie that did I.
Bero. Sweete Lord and why?
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie.
A dangerous law against gentletie.
Item, Yf any man be seene to talke with a woman within the tearme of three yeeres, he shall indure such publibue shame as the rest of the Court can possible deuise.
Ber. This Article my liedge your selfe must breake,
For well you know here comes in Embassaie,
The French kinges daughter with your selfe to speake:
A Maide of grace and complet maiestie,
About surrender vp of *Aquitaine*,
To her decrepit, sicke, and bedred Father.
Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
Or vainely comes th'admired Princesse hither.
Ferd. What say you Lordes? why, this was quite forgot.
Ber. So Studie euermore is ouershot,
While it doth studie to haue what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
Tis won as townes with fire, so won so lost.
Fer. We must of force dispence with this Decree,
Shee must lie heere on meere necessitie.
Ber. Necessitie will make vs all forsworne
Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:
For euery man with his affectes is borne,
Not by might mastred, but by speciall grace.
If I breake fayth, this word shall speake for me,
I am forsworne on meere necessitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the least degree,
Standes in attainder of eternall shame.
Suggestions are to other as to me:
But I beleeue although I seeme so loth,
I am the last that will last keepe his oth.
But is there no quicke recreation graunted?
Ferd. I that there is, our Court you know is haunted
With a refined trauailer of Spaine,
A man in all the worldes new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his braine:
On who the musique of his owne vaine tongue
Doth rauish like inchannting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue chose as vmpier of their mutenie.
This childe of Fancie that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate,
In high borne wordes the worth of many a Knight:
From tawnie Spaine lost in the worldes debate.
How you delight my Lords I know not I,
But I protest I loue to heare him lie,
And I will vse him for my Minstrelsie.
Bero. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fier new wordes, Fashions owne knight.
Lon. Costard the swaine and he, shalbe our sport,
And so to studie three yeeres is but short.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.1.14) Octavo

Enter a Constable with Costard with a letter.

Constab. Which is the Dukes owne person?

Ber. This fellow, What would'st?

Const. I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am his graces Farborough: But I would see his owne person in flesh and blood.

Ber. This is he.

Const. Signeour *Arme Arme* commendes you: Ther's villanie abrod, this letter will tell you more.

Clowne. Sir the Contempls thereof are as touching me.

Fer. A letter from the magnifisent *Armado*. (words.

Bero. How low so euer the matter, I hope in God for high

Lon. A high hope for a low heauen. God grant vs patience

Ber. To heare, or forbeare hearing.

Lon. To heare meekely sir, and to laugh moderatly, or to forbeare both.

Bero. Well sir, be it as the stile shall giue vs cause to clime in the merrines.

Clow. The matter is to me sir, as concerning *Iaquenetta*: The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Bero. In what manner?

Clow. In manner and forme folowing sir all those three. I was seene with her in the Manner house, sitting with her vppon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put togeather, is in manner and forme following. Now sir for the manner, It is the manner of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some forme.

Ber. For the following sir.

Clow. As it shall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.

Ferd. Will you heare this Letter with attention?

Bero. As we would heare an Oracle.

Clow. Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the flesh

Ferd. *GReat Deputie the welkis Vizgerent, and sole dominatur of Nauar, my soules earthes God, and bodies fostring patrone:*

Cost. Not a worde of *Costart* yet.

Ferd. *So it is*

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling true: but so.

Ferd. Peace.

Clow. Be to me, and euerie man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No wordes.

Clow. Of other mens secrets I beseech you.

Ferd. *So it is besedged with sable coloured melancholie, I did commende the blacke oppressing humour to the most holsome phisicke of thy health-geuing ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my selfe to walke: the time When? about the sixt houre, When Beastes most graze, Birdes best peck, and Men sit downe to that nourishment which is called Supper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I meane I walkt vpon, it is ycliped Thy Park. Then for the place Where? where I meane, I did incounter that obscene & most preposterous euent that draweth frō my snowhite pen the ebon coloured Incke, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surueyest, or seest. But to the place Where? It standeth North-North-east & by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted garden; There did I see that low spirited Swaine, that base Minow of thy myrth, (Clowne.* Mee? *) that vnlettered small knowing soule, (Clow.* Mee?*) that shallow vassall (Clown.* Still mee.*) which as I remember, hight* Costard, *(Clow.* O mee*) sorted and consorted contrary to thy established proclaymed Edict and continent Canon: Which with, ô with, but with this I passion to say wherewith:*

Clo. With a Wench.

Ferd. *With a childe of our Grandmother* Eue, *a female; or for thy more sweete vnderstanding a Woman: him, I (as my euer esteemed duetie prickes me on) haue sent to thee, to receiue the meede of punishment by thy sweete Graces Officer* Anthonie Dull, *a man of good repute, carriage bearing, and estimation.*

Antho. Me ant shall please you? I am *Anthony Dull.*

Ferd. *For* Iaquenetta *(so is the weaker vessell called) vvhich I apprehended vvith the aforesayd Swaine, I keepe hir as a vessell of thy Lawes furie, and shall at the least of thy sweete notice, bring hir to tryall. Thine in all complements of denoted and hartburning heate of duetie.*

Don Adriano de Armado.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

Ber. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that euer I heard.

Fer. I the best, for the wost. But sirra, What say you to this?

Clo. Sir I confesse the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo. I do confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaymed a yeeres imprisonment to be taken with a Wench.

Clo. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damsel.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damsel.

Clo. This was no Damsel neither sir, she was a Virgin.

Ber. It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maide will not serue your turne sir.

Col. This Maide will serue my turne sir.

Fer. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a weeke with Branne and Water.

Clo. I had rather pray a month with Mutton & Porridge.

Fer. And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper.
My Lord *Berovvne*, see him deliuered ore,
And goe we Lordes to put in practise that,
Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

Bero. Ile lay my Head to any good mans Hat,
These othes and lawes will proue an idle scorne.
Sirra, Come on.

Clo. I suffer for the trueth sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, and *Iaquenetta* is a trew girle, and therefore welcome the sower Cup of prosperie, afflictio may one day smile againe, and till then sit thee downe sorrow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Armado and Moth his page.

Armado. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirite growes melancholy?

Boy. A great signe sir that he will looke sadd.

Ar. Why? sadnes is one & the selfe same thing deare imp.

Boy. No no, O Lord sir no.

Arm.

Arm. How canst thou part sadnes and melancholy, my tender Iuuenall?

Boy. By a familier demonstration of the working, my tough signeor.

Arma. Why tough signeor? Why tough signeor?

Boy. Why tender iuuenall? Why tender iuuenall?

Arm. I spoke it tender iuuenal, as a congruent apethaton apperteining to thy young dayes, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough signeor, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

Arma. Prettie and apt.

Boy. How meane you sir, I prettie, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Arma. Thou prettie because little.

Boy. Little prettie, because little: wherefore apt.

Arma. And therfore apt, because quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praise Maister?

Arma. In thy condigne praise.

Boy. I will praise an Eele with the same praise.

Arma. What? that an Eele is ingenious.

Boy. That an Eele is quicke.

Arma. I do say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou heatst my blood.

Boy. I am answerd sir.

Arma. I loue not to be crost.

Boy. He speakes the meer contrarie, crosses loue not him.

Ar. I haue promised to studie three yeeres with the duke.

Boy. You may do it in an houre sir.

Arma. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice tolde?

Arm. I am ill at reckning, it fitteth the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy. You are a Gentleman and a Gamster sir.

Arma. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deuse-ace amountes to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more then two.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

Boy. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arma. True.

Boy. Why sir is this such a peece of studie? Now heere is three studied ere ycle thrice wincke: and how easie it is to put yeeres to the worde three, and studie three yeeres in two wordes, the dauncing Horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confesse I am in loue: and as it is base for a Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a base wench. If drawing my Sword against the humor of affection, would deliuer me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransome him to anie French Courtier for a new deuisde curtsie. I thinke scorne to sigh, mee thinks I should outsweare *Cupid.* Comfort mee Boy, What great men haue bin in loue?

Boy. *Hercules* Maister.

Arm. Most sweete *Hercules:* more authoritie deare Boy, name more; and sweete my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. *Sampson* Maister, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for he carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Arm. O wel knit *Sampson*, strong ioynted *Sampson*; I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampsons* loue my deare Moth?

Boy. A Woman, Maister.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene sir.

Arm. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read sir, and the best of them too.

Arm. Greene in deede is the colour of Louers: but to haue a loue of that colour, mee thinkes *Sampson* had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was so sir, for she had a greene wit.

Arm.

Arm. My loue is most immaculate white and red.

Boy. Most maculate thoughts Maister, are maskt vnder such colours.

Ar. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers wit, and my mothers tongue assist me.

Ar. Sweet inuocation of a child, most pretty & pathetical.

Boy. Yf she be made of white and red,
Her faultes will nere be knowne:
For blush-in cheekes by faultes are bred,
And feares by pale white showne:
Then if she feare or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheekes possesse the same,
Which native she doth owe
A dangerous rime maister against the reason of white & red.

Ar. Is there not a Ballet Boy, of the King & the Begger?

Boy. The worlde was very guiltie of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I thinke now tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the tune.

Ar. I will haue that subiect newly writ ere, that I may example my digression by some mightie president. Boy, I do loue, that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rational hinde *Costard:* she deserues well.

Boy. To be whipt: and yet a better loue then my maister.

Ar. Sing Boy, My spirit growes heauie in loue.

Boy. And thats great maruaile, louing a light Wench.

Ar. I say sing.

Boy. Forbeare till this companie be past.

Enter *Clowne*, *Constable*, and *Wench*.

Constab. Sir, the Dukes pleasure is that you keepe *Costard* safe, and you must suffer him to take no delight, nor no penance, but a'must fast three dayes a weeke: for this Damsell I must keepe her at the Parke, she is alowde for the Day woman. Fare you well.

Ar. I do betray my selfe with blushing: Maide.

Maide. Man.

Ar. I will visit thee at the Lodge.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

Maid. Thats hereby.
Ar. I know where it is situate.
Ma. Lord how wise you are.
Ar. I will tell thee wonders.
Ma. With that face.
Ar. I loue thee.
Ma. So I heard you say.
Ar. And so farewell.
Ma. Faire weather after you.
Clo. Come *Iaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*
Ar. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.
Clo. Well sir I hope when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomacke.
Ar. Thou shalt be heauely punished.
Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.
Ar. Take away this villaine, shut him vp.
Boy. Come you transgressing slaue, away.
Clo. Let me not be pent vp sir, I will fast being loose.
Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.
Clo. Well, if euer I do see the merry dayes of desolation that I haue seene, some shall see.
Boy. What shall some see?
Clo. Nay nothing M. *Moth*, but what they looke vppon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their wordes, and therfore I will say nothing: I thanke God I haue as litle patience as an other man, & therfore I can be quiet. *Exit.*

Arm. I do affect the verie ground (which is base) where her shoo (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworne (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsely attempted? Loue is a familiar; Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill angel but Loue, yet was *Sampson* so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was *Salomon* so seduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupids* But shaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubb, and therefore too much oddes for a Spaniards Rapier: The first and second cause will not serue my

my turne: the *Passado* he respects not, the *Duella* he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Adue Valoure, rust Rapier, be still Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea he loueth. Assist me some extemporall God of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit.*

Enter the Princesse of Fraunce, with three attending Ladies and three Lordes.

Boyet. Now Maddame summon vp your dearest spirrits,
Cosider who the King your father sendes:
To whom he sendes, and whats his Embassie,
Your selfe, helde precious in the worldes esteeme,
To parlee with the sole inheritoure
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchles *Nauar*, the plea of no lesse weight,
Then *Aquitaine* a Dowrie for a Queene,
Be now as prodigall of all Deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When she did starue the generall world beside,
And prodigally gaue them all to you.
Queene. Good L. *Boyet*, my beautie though but meane,
Needes not the painted florish of your prayse:
Beautie is bought by iudgement of the eye,
Not vttred by base sale of chapmens tongues:
I am lesse proude to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending your Wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker, good *Boyet*,
You are not ignorant all telling fame
Doth noyse abroad *Nauar* hath made a Vow,
Till painefull studie shall outweare three yeeres,
No Woman may approch his silent Court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthines, we single you,

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As our best mouing faire soliciter:
Tell him, the Daughter of the King of France
On serious businesse craning quicke dispatch,
Importunous personall conference with his grace.
Haste, signifie so much while we attende,
Like humble visage Suters his high will.

Boy. Proud of imployment, willingly I go. *Exit Boy.*

Prince. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
Who are the Votaries my louing Lordes, that are vowfellowes with this vertuous Duke?

Lor. Longauill is one.

Princ. Know you the man?

1. *Lady.* I know him Maddame at a marriage feast,
Betweene L. *Perigort* and the bewtious heire
Of *Iaques Fauconbridge* solemnized.
In *Normandie* saw I this *Longauill*,
A man of soueraigne peerelesse he is esteemd:
Well fitted in artes, glorious in armes:
Nothing becoms him ill that he would well.
The onely soyle of his fayre vertues glose,
If vertues glose will staine with any soyle,
Is a sharpe Wit matcht with too blunt a Will:
Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wils,
It should none spare, that come within his power.

Prin. Some merrie mocking Lord belike, is't so?

Lad. They say so most, that most his humors know.

Prin. Such short liued wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

2. *Lad.* The young *Dumaine*, a well accomplisht youth,
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.
Most power to do most harme, least knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke *Alansoes* once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthines.

3. *Lad.* An other of these Studentes at that time,
Was there with him, if I haue heard a trueth.

Berowne

Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I neuer spent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For euery obiect that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing iest,
Which his fayre tongue (conceites expositer)
Deliuers in such apt and gracious wordes,
That aged eares play treuant at his tales.
And younger hearinges are quite rauished.
So sweete and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God blesse my Ladyes, are they all in loue?
That euery one her owne hath garnished,
With such bedecking ornaments of praise.

Lord. Heere comes *Boyet.* *Enter Boyet.*

Prin. Now, What admittance Lord?

Boyet. Nauar had notice of your faire approch,
And he and his competitours in oth,
Were all addrest to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the feelde,
Like one that comes heere to besiedge his Court,
Then seeke a dispensation for his oth:
To let you enter his vnpeeled house.

Enter *Nauar*, *Longauill*, *Dumaine*, & *Berowne*.

Bo. Heere comes *Nauar*.

Nauar. Faire Princesse, Welcome to the court of *Nauar*.

Prin. Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I haue not yet: the roose of this Court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fieldes too base to be mine.

Nau. You shalbe welcome Madame to my Court.

Prin. I wilbe welcome then, Conduct me thither.

Nau. Heare me deare Lady, I haue sworne an oth,

Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'le be forsworne.

Nau. Not for the worlde faire Madame, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els.

Nau. Your Ladishyp is ignoraunt what it is,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignoraunce were wise,
Where now his knowledge must proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath sworne our Housekeeping:
Tis deadlie sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And sin to breake it: but pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth mee.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
And sodainelie resolue mee in my suite.
Nau. Madame I will, if sodainelie I may.
Prin. You will the sooner that I were awaie,
For youle proue periurde if you make me staie.
Berowne. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Kather. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Ber. I know you did.
Kath. How needles was it then to aske the question?
Ber. You must not be so quicke.
Kath. Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.
Ber. Your wit's too hot, it speedes too fast, twill tire.
Kath. Not till it leaue the rider in the mire.
Ber. What time a day?
Kath. The houre that fooles should aske.
Ber. Now faire befall your maske.
Kath. Faire fall the face it couers.
Ber. And send you manie louers.
Kath. Amen, so you be none.
Ber. Nay then will I be gon.
Ferd. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
The payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Being but the one halfe of, of an intire summe,
Disbursed by my father in his warres.
But say that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiud that summe, yet there remaines vnpaide
A hundred thousand more, in suretie of the which,
One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the monies worth.
If then the King your father will restore,
But that one halfe which is vnsatisfied,
We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,

And holde faire faiendship with his Maiestie,
But that it seemes he little purposeth:
For here he doth demaund to haue repaide,
A hundred thousand Crownes, and not demaunds
One paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
To haue his title liue in *Aquitaine*.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And haue the money by our father lent,
Than *Aquitaine*, so guelded as it is.
Deare Princesse were not his requestes so farr
From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make
A yeelding gainst some reason in my brest,
And go well satisfied to France againe.
Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so vnseeming to confesse receit,
Of that which hath so faithfully been paide.
Ferd. I do protest I neuer heard of it:
And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeelde vp *Aquitaine*.
Prin. We arrest your worde.
Boyet you can produce acquittances,
For such a summe from special officers,
Of *Charles* his father.
Ferd. Satisfie mee so.
Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To morrow you shall haue a sight of them.
Ferd. It shall suffice me; at which enterview,
All liberall reason I will yeelde vnto.
Meane time receiue such welcome at my hand,
As honor (without breach of honor) may,
Make tender of to thy true worthines,
You may not come (faire Princesse) within my gates,
But here without you shalbe so receiude,
As you shall deeme your selfe lodgd in my hart.
Though so denide faire harbour in my house,
Your owne good thoughtes excuse me, and farewell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

To morow shall we visite you againe.
Pri. Sweete health and faire desires consort your grace.
Na. Thy owne wish wish I thee in euery place. *Exit.*
Ber. Ladie I will commend you to my none hart.
Ros. Pray you, do my commendations, I would be glad to see it.
Ber. I would you heard it grone.
Ros. Is the foole sicke.
Ber. Sicke at the hart.
Ros. Alacke, let it blood.
Bar. Would that do it good?
Ros. My Phisicke saies I,
Ber. Will you prickt with your eye.
Ros. *No poynt*, with my knife.
Ber. Now God saue thy life.
Ros. And yours from long liuing.
Ber. I cannot stay thankes-giuing. *Exit.*

Enter Dumaine.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word, What Ladie is that same?
Boyet. The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosalin* her name.
Dum. A gallant Lady *Mounsir*, fare you wel. *Exit.*
Longauill. I beseech you a word, What is she in the white?
Boyet. A woman sometimes, and you saw her in the light.
Lon. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name?
Bo She hath but one for her selfe, to desire that were a shame.
Lon. Pray you sir, Whose daughter?
Bo. Her mothers, I haue heard.
Lon. Gods blessing on your beard. *(bridge.*
Bo. Good sir be not offended, She is an heire of *Falcon-*
Lon. Nay my coller is ended, She is a most sweet Ladie.
Bo Not vnlike sir, that may be. *Exit Longauil.*

Enter Berowne.

Bero. Whats her name in the capp?
Boy. *Katherin* by good happ.
Ber, Is she wedded or no?
Boy. To her will sir, or so.
Ber. O you are welcome sir, adew.
Boy. Farewell to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit Bero.*

Lady

Lady Maria. That last is *Berowne*, the merrie madcap L.
Not a word with him but a iest.
Boy. And euery iest but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boy. I was as willing to grapple as he was to boord.
Lady Ka. Two hot Sheepes marie.
Bo. And wherefore not Shipps?
No Sheepe (sweete Lambe) vnlesse we feede on your lippes.
La. You Sheepe and I pasture: shall that finish the iest?
Bo. So you graunt pasture for me.
Lad. Not so gentle Beast.
My lippes are no Common, though seuerall they be.
Bo. Belonging to whom?
La. To my fortunes and mee.
Prin. Good witts will be iangling, but gentles agree,
This ciuill warre of wittes were much better vsed
On *Nauar* and his Bookmen, for heere tis abused.
Bo. If my obseruation (which very seldome lyes
By the hartes still rethoricke, disclosed with eyes.
Deceaue me not now, *Nauar* is infected.
Prin. With what?
Bo. With that which we Louers intitle Affected.
Prin. Your reason.
Bo. Why all his behauiours did make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desier.
His hart like an Agot with your print impressed,
Proud with his forme, in his eye pride expressed.
His tongue all impacient to speake and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his ey-sight to bee,
All sences to that sence did make their repaire,
To feele only looking on fairest of faire:
Mee thought all his senses were lokt in his eye,
As Iewels in Christall for some Prince to buy. (glasse,
Who tendring their owne worth from where they were
Did poynt you to buy them along as you past.
His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes inchaunted with gazes.
Ile giue you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

And you giue him for my sake but one louing kisse.

Prin. Come, to our Pauilion, *Boyet* is disposde.

Bo. But to speak that in words, which his eie hath disclosd.
I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Lad. Thou art an old Loue-monger, & speakest skilfully.

Lad. 2. He is *Cupids* Graundfather, and learnes newes of him.

Lad. 3. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad Wenches?

Lad. No.

Boy. What then, do you see?

Lad. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for mee. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter *Braggart* and his *Boy*.

Bra. Warble child, make passionate my sense of hearing.

Boy. Concolinel.

Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tendernes of yeeres, take this Key, giue enlargement to the Swaine, bring him festinatly hither, I must imploy him in a letter to my loue.

Boy. Maister, will you win your loue with a french braule?

Brag. How meanest thou? brawling in French.

Boy. No my complet Maister, but to ligge off a tune at the tongues ende, canarie to it with your feete, humour it with turning vp your eylids, sigh a note and sing a note sometime through the throate, if you swallowed loue with singing loue sometime through: nose as if you snuffe vp loue by smelling loue with your hat penthouse like ore the shop of your eyes, with your armes crost on your thinbellies doblet like a Rabbet on a spit, or your handes in your pocket like a man after the olde painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: these are complements, these are humours, these betraie nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and make them men of note: do you note men that most are affected to these.

Brag. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Boy.

Boy. By my penne of obseruation.

Brag. But o but o.

Boy. The Hobbie-horse is forgot.

Brag. Call'st thou my loue Hobbi-horse.

Boy. No Maister, the Hobbi-horse is but a colt, and your loue perhaps, a hacknie: But haue you forgot your Loue?

Brag. Almost I had.

Boy. Negligent student, learne her by hart.

Brag. By hart, and in hart boy.

Boy. And out of hart Maister: all those three I will proue.

Brag. What wilt thou proue?

Boy. A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vpon the instant: by hart you loue her, because your hart cannot come by her: in hart you loue her, because your hart is in loue with her: and out of hart you loue her, being out of hart that you cannot enioy her.

Brag. I am all these three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie me a letter.

Boy. A message well simpathisd, a Horse to be embassadoure for an Asse.

Brag. Ha ha, What saiest thou?

Boy. Marrie sir, you must send the Asse vpon the Horse, for he is verie slow gated: but I go.

Brag. The way is but short, away.

Boy. As swift as Lead sir.

Brag. The meaning prettie ingenius, is not Lead a mettal heauie, dull, and slow?

Boy. Minnime honest Maister, or rather Maister no.

Brag. I say Lead is slow.

Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.
Is that Lead slow which is fierd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's hee:
I shoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thump then, and I flee.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

Brag. A most acute Iuuenall, volable and free of grace,
By thy fauour sweete Welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is returnd.

Enter *Page* and *Clowne*.

Pag. A wonder Maister, Heers a *Costard* broken in a shin.

Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy* begin.

Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *lenuoy*, no salue, in thee male sir.
O sir, Plantan, a pline Plantan: no *lenuoy*, no *lenuoy*, no Salue
sir, but a Plantan.

Ar. By vertue thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie thought,
my spleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes me to rediculous smyling: O pardone me my starres, doth the inconsiderate take *salue* for *lenuoy*, and the word *lenuoy* for *a salue*?

Pag. Do the wise thinke them other, is not *lenuoy* a *salue*?

A. No Page, it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plaine,
Some obscure presedence that hath tofore bin saine.
I will example it.

The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at odds being but three.

Ther's the morrall: Now the *lenuoy*.

Pag. I will adde the *lenuoy*, say the morrall againe.

Ar. The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Pag. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
And staied the odds by adding foure.

Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with my *lenuoy*.

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the odds by adding foure.

Pag. A good *Lenuoy*, ending in the Goose: woulde you desire more?

Clo. The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's flat.
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let

Let me see a fat *Lenuoy*, I thats a fat Goose. (begin?

Ar. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument

Boy. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then cald you for the *Lenuoy*. (in,

Clow. True, and I for a Plantan, thus came your argument
Then the boyes fat *Lenuoy*, the Goose that you bought,
and he ended the market.

Ar. But tel me, How was there a *Costard* broken in a shin?

Pag. I will tell you sencibly.

Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*, I will speake that
I *Costard* running out, that was safely within, (*Lenuoy*.
Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.

Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirra *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.

Clow. O marrie me to one Francis, I smell some *Lenuoy*,
some Goose in this.

Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at libertie.
Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured, restrained,
captiuated, bound.

Clown. True, true, and now you wilbe my purgation,
and let me loose.

Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance, and in
lewe thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Beare this
significant to the countrey Maide *Iaquenetta*: there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honour, is rewarding
my dependants. *Moth*, follow.

Pag. Like the sequell I. Signeur *Costard* adew. *Exit.*

Clow. My sweete ouce of mans flesh, my in-conie Iew:
Now will I looke to his remuneration.
Remuneration, O that's the latine word for three-farthings:
Three-farthings remuration, What's the price of this yncle?
i.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration: Why? it carries it remuneration: Why? it is a fayrer name then French-Crowne.
I will neuer buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Costard*, exceedingly well met.

Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon may

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. O what is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marie ſir, halfepennie farthing.

Ber. O, why then threefarthing worth of Silke.

Coſt. I thanke your worſhip, God be wy you.

Ber. O ſtay ſlaue, I muſt employ thee.
As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall intreate.

Clow. When would you haue it done ſir?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Clow. Well, I will do it ſir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knoweſt not what it is.

Clow. I ſhall know ſir when I haue done it.

Ber. Why villaine, thou muſt know firſt.

Clow. I will come to your worſhip to morrow morning.

Ber. It muſt be done this after noone,
Harke ſlaue, it is but this:
The Princeſſe comes to hunt here in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues ſpeake ſweetely, then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her, aſke for her:
And to her white hand ſee thou do commend
This ſeald-vp counſaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe.

Clow. Gardon, O ſweete gardon, better then remuneratiõ, a leuenpence-farthing better: moſt ſweete gardon. I will do it ſir in print: gardon remuneration.

Exit.

Ber. O and I forſoth in loue, I that haue been loues whip?
A verie Bedell to a humerous ſigh, a Crietick, nay a night-watch Conſtable,
A domineering pedant ore the Boy, then whom no mortall ſo magnificent.
This wimpled whyning purblind wayward Boy,
This ſignior *Iunios* gyant dwarffe, dan *Cupid*,
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annoynted ſoueraigne of ſighes and groones:
Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces.

Sole

Sole Emperator and great generalli
Of trotting Parrators (O my litle hart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his fielde,
And weare his coloures like a Tumblers hoope.
What? I loue, I ſue, I ſeeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Iermane Cloake,
Still a repairing: euer out of frame,
And neuer going a right, being a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may ſtill go right.
Nay to be periurde, which is worſt of all:
And among three to loue the worſt of all,
A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow,
With two pitch balles ſtucke in her face for eyes,
I and by heauen, one that will do the deede,
Though *Argus* were her eunuch and her garde,
And I to ſigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect,
Of his almightie dreadfull little might.
Well, I will loue, write, ſigh, pray, ſhue, grone,
Some men muſt loue my Ladie, and ſome Ione.

Enter the Princeſſe, a Forreſter, her Ladyes, and her Lordes.

Quee. Was that the king that ſpurd his horſe ſo hard,
Againſt the ſteepe vp riſing of the hill?

Forr. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.

Quee. Who ere a was, a ſhowd a mounting minde.
Well Lords, to day we ſhall haue our diſpatch,
Ore Saterday we will returne to Fraunce,
Then Forreſter my friend, Where is the Buſh
That we muſt ſtand and play the murtherer in?

Forr. Heereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the faireſt ſhoote.

Quee. I thanke my Beautie, I am faire that ſhoote,
And thereupon thou ſpeakſt the faireſt ſhoote.

Forr. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not ſo.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

Quee. What, what? First praise mee, and againe say no.
O short liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe
For. Yes Madam faire.
Quee. Nay, neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Heere (good my glasse) take this for telling trew:
Faire payment for foule wordes, is more then dew.
For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherrit.
Quee. See see, my beautie wilbe sau'd by merrit.
O heresy in faire, fit for these dayes,
A giuing hand, though fowle, shall haue faire praise.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill:
Thus will I saue my Credite in the shoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me doote.
If wounding then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.
And out of question so it is sometimes:
Glorie growes guyltie of detested crimes,
When for Fames sake, for praise an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the hart.
As I for praise alone now seeke to spill
The poore Deares blood, that my hart meanes no ill.
Boy. Do not curst wiues hold that selfe-soueraignte
Onely for praise sake, when they striue to be
Lords ore their Lordes?
Quee. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,
To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boyet, Here comes a member of the common wealth.
Clo. God dig-you-den al, pray you which is the head lady?
Que. Thou shalt know her fellow by the rest that haue no
Clow. Which is the greatest Ladie, the highest? (heads.
Quee. The thickest, and the tallest.
Clow. The thickest, and the tallest: it is so, trueth is trueth.
And your waste Mistris were as slender as my wit,
One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.
Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thickest heere.

Que.

Quee. Whats your will sir? Whats your will?
Clow. I haue a Letter from Monsier *Berowne*,
to one Ladie *Rosaline*.
Que. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a side good bearer. *Boyet* you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.
Boyet I am bound to serue.
This letter is mistooke: it importeth none heere,
It is writ to *Iaquenetta*.
Quee. We will reade it, I sweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare.
Boyet reedes. BY heauen, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true that thou art beautious, trueth it selfe that thou art louelie: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beautious, truer then trueth it selfe: haue comiseration on thy heroicall Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate King *Cophetua* set eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Begger *Zenelophon*: and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici*: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O base and obscure vulgar; *videliset*, He came, See, and ouercame: He came, one; see, two; couercame, three. Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who ouercame he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose side? the King: the captiue is inricht, on whose side? the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall, on whose side? the Kinges: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for so standes the comparison) thou the Begger, for so witnesseth thy lowlines. Shall I commande thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I coulde. Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, shalt thou exchange for raggs roabes, for tittles tytles, for thy selfe, mee. Thus expecting thy replie, I prophane my lippes on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my hart on thy euerie part.

Thine in the dearest designe of industri,
Don Adriana de Armatho.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

Thus dost thou heare the nemean Lion roare,
Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:
Submissiue fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou striue (poore soule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.
Quee. What plume of fethers is he that indited this letter?
What vaine? What Wethercock? Did you euer heare better?
Boy. I am much deceiued, but I remember the stile.
Quee. Els your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.
Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keepes here in court,
A Phantasime a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.
Quee. Thou fellow, a worde.
Who gaue thee this letter?
Clow. I tolde you, my Lord.
Quee. To whom shouldst thou giue it?
Clow. From my Lord to my Ladie.
Quee. From which Lord, to which Ladie?
Clow. From my Lord *Berowne*, a good Maister of mine,
To a Ladie of France, that he calde *Rosaline*.
Quee. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here sweete, put vp this, twilbe thine another day.
Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?
Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.
Boy. I my continent of beautie.
Rosa. Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.
Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
hang me by the necke, if horns that yeere miscarrie,
Finely put on.
Rosa. Well then I am the shooter.
Boy. And who is your Deare?
Rosa. If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not
neare. Finely put on in deede.
Maria. You still wrangle with her *Boyet*, and she strikes
at the brow.
Boyet. But she her selfe is hit lower: Haue I hit her now?
Rosa. Shall I come vpon thee with an olde saying, that
was

was a man when King *Pippen* of Frannce was a litle boy, as touchiug the hit it.
Boy. So I may answere thee with one as olde that was a woman when queene *Gunnour* of Brittaine was a litle wench as toching the hit it.
Rosa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it my good man. *Exit.*
Boy. And I cannot, cannot, cannot: and I cannot, an other (can.
Clo. By my troth most plesant, how both did fit it.
Mar. A marke marueilous wel shot, for they both did hit.
Bo. A mark, O mark but that mark: a mark saies my Lady.
Let the mark haue a prick in't, to meate at, if it may be.
Mar. Wide a'the bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.
Clo. Indeed a'must shoot nearer, or hele neare hit the clout.
Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.
Clo. Then will she get the vpshoot by cleauing the is in.
Ma. Come come, you talke greasely, your lips grow fowle.
Cl. Shes to hard for you at pricks, sir challeng her to bowle
Bo. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good owle.
Clo. By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.
O my troth most sweete iestes, most inconic vulgar wit,
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenly as it were, so fit.
Armatho ath toothen side, o a most daintie man,
To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fann.
To see him kisse his hand, & how most sweetly a wil sweare:
And his Page atother side, that handfull of wit,
Ah heauens, it is most pathetically nit.
Sowla, sowla. *Exeunt.* Shoot within.
Enter *Dull, Holofernes*, the *Pedant* and *Nathaniel*.
Nat. Very reuerent sport truly, and done in the testimonie of a good conscience.
Ped. The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood, ripe as the Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Iewel in the eare of *Celo* the skie, the welken the heauen, & anon falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the soyle, the land, the earth.
Curat Nath. Truely M. *Holofernes*, the epythithes are sweetly varried like a scholler at the least: but sir I assure ye it was a Bucke of the first head. *Hol-*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

Holo. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo?*

Dul. T was not a *haud credo*, twas a Pricket.

Holo. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *ostentare*, to show as it were his inclination after his vndressed, vnpolished, vneducated, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or ratherest vnconfirmed fashion, to insert again my *haud credo* for a Deare.

Dul. I said the Deare was not a *haud credo*, twas a Pricket.

Holo. Twice sodd simplicitie, bis coctus, O thou monster ignorance, How deformed doost thou looke.

Nath. Sir he hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.

He hath not eate paper as it were: he hath not drunke inck,
His intellect is not repleniſhed, he is only an animall, only
sensible in the duller partes: and such barren plantes are
set before vs, that we thankful should be: which we taste,
and feeling, are for those partes that doe fructifie in vs
more then he. (foole,
For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indistreell, or a
So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a schole.
But *omne bene* say I, being of an olde Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

Dul. You two are book-men, Can you tel me by your wit,
What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fiue weeks
old as yet?

Holo. *Dictissima* goodman *Dull*, *dictissima* goodman *Dull*.

Dul. What is *dictima?*

Nath. A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone*. (more.

Holo. The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no
And rought not to fiue-weeks when he came to fiuescore.
Th'alluſion holdes in the Exchange. (change.

Dul. Tis true in deede, the Colluſion holdes in the Ex-

Holo. God comfort thy capacitie, I say th'alluſion holdes
in the Exchange.

Dul. And I say the poluſion holdes in the Exchange: for
the Moone is neuer but a month olde: and I say beside
that, twas a Pricket that the Princesse kild.

Sir

Holo. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorault cald the Deare: the Princesse kild a Pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good M. *Holofernes perge*, so it shall please you to abrogate squirilitie.

Holo. I wil somthing affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

The prayfull Princesse pearst and prickt
a prettie pleasing Pricket,
Some say a Sore, but not a sore,
till now made sore with shooting.
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorell iumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-sore, or els Sorell,
the people fall a hooting.
If Sore be sore, then el to Sore,
makes fiftie sores o sorell:
Of one sore I an hundred make
by adding but one more l.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him with a talent.

Nath. This is a gyft that I haue simple: simple, a foolish extrauagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes, obiectes, Ideas, aprehentions, motions, reuolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of Memorie, nourisht in the wombe of primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occasion: But the gyft is good in those whom it is acute, and I am thankfull for it.

Holo. Sir, I prayse the L. for you, and so may my parishioners, for their Sonnes are well tuterd by you, and their Daughters profite very greatly vnder you: you are a good member of the common wealth.

Nath. Me hercle, yf their Sonnes be ingenous, they shal want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vix sapis qui pauca loquitur*, a soule Feminine saluteth vs.

Enter

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaquenetta. God giue you good morrow M. Person.

Nath. Maister Person, *quasi* Person? And if one shoulde be pierst, Which is the one? (head,

Clo. Marrie M. Schole-master, he that is likliest to a hoggs-

Nath. Of pearsing a Hogshead, a good luster of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fier enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: tis prettie, it is well.

Iaque. Good M. Parson be so good as read me this letter, it was geuen me by *Costard*, and sent me from *Don Armatho*: I beseech you read it.

Nath. Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub vmbra ruminat, and so foorth. Ah good olde *Mantuan*, I may speake of thee as the traueiler doth of *Venice*, *vemchie*, *vencha*, *que non te vnde*, *que non te perreche*. Olde *Mantuan*, olde *Mantuan*, Who vnderstandeth thee not, loues thee not, *vt re sol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contentes? or rather as *Horace* sayes in his, What my soule verses.

Holo. I sir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me heare a staffe, a stauze, a verse, *Lege domine*:

If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue?
Ah neuer fayth could hold, yf not to beautie vowed.
Though to my selfe forsworne, to thee Ile faythfull proue.
Those thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Osiers bowed
Studie his bya's leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffise.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.
Which is to mee some prayse, that I thy partes admire,
Thy eie *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadful thūder
Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweete fier.
Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,
That singes heauens prayse, with such an earthly tong.

Pedan. You finde not the apostraphas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratefied, but for the elegancie,

gancie facilitie, and golden cadence of poesie *caret*: *Ouiddius Naso* was the man. And why in deed *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancie? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his maister, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But *Damosella virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iaq. I sir from one mounsier *Berowne*, one of the strange Queenes Lordes.

Nath. I will ouerglaunce the superscript.

To the snow-white hand of the most beawtious Lady Rosaline. I will looke againe on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the person written vnto.

Your Ladiships in all desired imployment, Berowne.

Ped. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and goe my sweete, deliuer this Paper into the royall hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgine thy dewtie, adue.

Mayd. Good *Costard* go with me: sir God saue your life.

Cost. Haue with thee my girle. *Exit.*

Holo. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God verie religiously: and as a certaine Father saith

Ped. Sir tell not mee of the Father, I do feare colourable coloures. But to returne to the Verses, Did they please you sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine pupill of mine, where if (before repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parentes of the foresaid childe or pupill, vndertake your *bien venuto*, where I will proue those Verses to be very vnlearned, neither sauouring of Poetrie, wit, nor inuention. I beseech your societie.

Nath. And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text) is the happines of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

Sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Berowne with a paper in his hand, alone.

Berow. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am coursing my selfe.

They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pytch that defiles; defile, a foule worde: Well, set thee downe sorrow; for so they say the foole sayd, and so say I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as madd as *Aiax*, it kills Sheepe, it kills mee, I a Sheepe well prooued againe a my side. I will not loue; if I do hang mee: I'fayth I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught me to rime, and to be mallicholie: and heere is part of my Rime, and heare my mallicholie. Well, she hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweete Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweeteſt Lady. By the worlde, I woulde not care a pin, if the other three were in. Heere comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He standes aside. The King entreth.

King. Ay mee!

Be. Shot by heauen, proceed sweet *Cupid*, thou hast thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left papp: in fayth secrets.

King. So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne giues not,
To those fresh morning dropps vpon the Rose,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes,
Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,
Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou shinst in euerie teare that I do weepe,
No drop but as a Coach doth carrie thee:
So ridest thou triumphing in my wo.
Do but beholde the teares that swell in me,
And they thy glorie through my griefe will show:

But

But do not loue thy selfe, then thou will keepe
My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe.
O Queene of queenes, how farre dooſt thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper:
Sweete leaues shade follie. Who is he comes heere?

Enter Longauill. The King steps a side.

What *Longauill*, and reading: listen eare.

Berow. Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare.

Long. Ay mee! I am forsworne.

Berow. Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.

Long. In loue I hope, sweete fellowship in shame.

Ber. One drunkard loues an other of the name.

Long. Am I the first that haue been periurd so?

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know,
Thou makeſt the triumpherie, the corner cap of societie,
The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hanges vp Simplicitie.

Long. I feare these stubborne lines lacke power to moue.
O sweete *Maria*, Empresse of my Loue,
These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.

Ber. O Rimes are gardes on wanton *Cupids* hose,
Disfigure not his Shop.

Long. This same shall go. *He reades the Sonnet.*

'Did not the heauenly Rethorique of thine eye,
Gainst whom the world cannot holde argument,
Perswade my hart to this false periurie?
Vowes for thee broke deserue not punishment.
A Woman I forswore, but I will proue,
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.
Thy grace being gainde, cures all disgrace in mee.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapoure is.
Then thou faire Sunne, which on my earth dooſt shine,
Exhalſt this vapour-vow in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by mee broke, What foole is not so wise,
To loose an oth, to winn a Parradise?

Bero. This is the lyuer veine, which makes flesh a deitie.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

A greene Goose, a Goddesse, pure pure ydotarie.
God amende vs, God amende, we are much out a th' way.

Enter Dumaine.

Long. By whom shall I send this (companie?) Stay.
Berow. All hid, all hid, an olde infant play,
Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore ey.
More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wysh,
Dumaine transformed, foure Woodcocks in a dysh.
Duma. O most deuine *Kate*.
Berow. O most prophane coxcombe.
Duma. By heauen the woonder in a mortall eye.
Ber. By earth she is not, corporall, there you ly.
Duma. Her Amber heires for foule hath amber coted.
Ber. An amber colourd Rauen was well noted.
Duma. As vpright as the Ceder.
Ber. Stoope I say, her shoulder is with child.
Duma. As faire as day.
Ber. I as some dayes, but then no Sunne must shine.
Duma. O that I had my wish?
Long. And I had mine.
King. And mine too good Lord.
Ber. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?
Duma. I would forget her, but a Feuer shee
Raignes in my blood, and will remembred be.
Ber. A Feuer in your blood, why then incision
Would let her out in Sawcers, sweete misprison.
Dum. Once more Ile reade the Odo that I haue writ.
Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can varrie Wit.

Dumaine reades his Sonnet.

On a day, alacke the day:
Loue, whose Month is euer May:
Spied a blossome passing faire,
Playing in the wanton aire:
Through the Veluet, leaues the wind,
All vnseene, can passage finde:
That the Louer sicke to death,

Wish himselfe the heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blow,
Ayre would I might triumph so.
But alacke my hand is sworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:
Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweete.
Do not call it sinne in me,
That I am forsworne for thee:
Thou for whom *Ioue* would sweare,
Iuno but an *Æthiop* were,
And denie himselfe for *Ioue*,
Turning mortall for thy loue.
This will I send, and something els more plaine,
That shall expresse my trueloues fasting paine.
O would the *King*, *Berowne*, and *Longauill*,
Were Louers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a periurde note:
For none offende, where all alike do dote.
Long. *Dumaine* thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in loues griefe desirst societie:
You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,
To be ore-hard and taken napping so.
King. Come sir, you blush: as his, your case is such,
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not loue *Maria*? *Longauile*,
Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart
His louing bosome, to keepe downe his hart.
I haue been closely shrowded in this bush,
And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guyltie Rimes, obserude your fashion:
Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.
Ay mee sayes one! O *Ioue* the other cryes!
One her haires were Golde, Christal the others eyes.
You would for Parradise breake Fayth and troth,
And *Ioue* for your Loue would infringe an oth.
What will *Berowne* say when that he shall heare

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

Fayth infringed, which such zeale did sweare.
How will he scorne, how will he spende his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did see,
I would not haue him know so much by mee.
Bero. Now step I foorth to whip hipocrisie.
Ah good my Leidge, I pray thee pardon mee.
Good hart, What grace hast thou thus to reproue
These Wormes for louing, that art most in loue?
Your eyes do make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princesse that appeares.
Youle not be periurde, tis a hatefull thing:
Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not a shamed? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much ore'shot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
But I a Beame do finde in each of three.
O what a Scæne of foolrie haue I seene,
Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:
O mee, with what strickt patience haue I sat,
To see a King transformed to a Gnat.
To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Sallomon* to tune a Iigge.
And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boyes,
And *Crittick Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy griefe, o tell me good *Dumaine*?
And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the breast.
A Caudle hoa!
King. Too bitter is thy iest,
Are we betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?
Ber. Not you by mee, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honest, I that holde it sinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping companie
With men like men of inconstancie.
When shall you see mee write a thing in rime?
Or grone for Ione? or spende a minutes time,

In praising mee when shall you heare that I will prayse a hand, a foote, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a breast, a wast, a legge, a limme.
King. Soft, Whither away so fast?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so.
Ber. I post from Loue, good Louer let me go.
Iaqu. God blesse the King. *Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.*
King. What present hast thou there?
Clow. Some certaine treason.
King. What makes treason heere?
Clow. Nay it makes nothing sir.
King. If it marr nothing neither,
The treason and you goe in peace away togeather.
Iaque. I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our person misdoubts it: twas treason he said.
King. *Berowne* reade it ouer. *He reades the letter.*
King. Where hadst thou it?
Iaqu. Of *Costard*.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of *Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.*
Kin. How now, What is in you? Why dost thou teare it?
Ber. A toy my Leedge, a toy: your grace needs not feare it.
Long. It did moue him to passion, & therfore lets heare it.
Dum. It is *Berownes* writing, and heere is his name.
Berow. Ah you whoreson loggerhead, you were borne to do me shame.
Guiltie my Lord, guiltie: I confesse, I confesse.
King. What? (messe.
Ber. That you three fooles, lackt me foole, to make vp the
Hee, hee, and you: and you my Leege, and I,
Are pick-purses in Loue, and we deserue to die.
O dismisse this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Duma. Now the number is euen.
Bero. True true, we are fower: will these turtles be gon?
King. Hence sirs, away.
Clow. Walke aside the true folke, and let the traytors stay.
Ber. Sweete Lords, sweete Louers, O let vs imbrace,
As true we are as flesh and blood can be,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

The Sea will ebb and flow, heauen shew his face:
Young blood doth not obay an olde decree.
We can not crosse the cause why we were borne:
Therefore of all handes must we be forsworne.
King. What, did these rent lines shew some loue of thine?
Ber. Did they quoth you? Who sees the heauenly *Rosaline*,
That (like a rude and sauadge man of *Inde*.)
At the first opning of the gorgious East,
Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast.
What peremptorie Eagle-sighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maiestie?
King. What zeale, what furie, hath inspirde thee now?
My Loue (her Mistres) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light.
Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*.
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the culd soueraignte,
Do meete as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where seuerall worthies make one dignitie,
Where nothing wantes, that want it selfe doth seeke.
Lend me the florish of all gentle tongues,
Fie paynted Rethoricke, O shee needes it not,
To thinges of sale, a sellers prayse belonges:
She passes prayse, then prayse too short doth blot.
A witherd Hermight fiuescore winters worne,
Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eye:
Beautie doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O tis the Sunne that maketh all thinges shine.
King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.
Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word deuine!
A wife of such wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may sweare Beautie doth beautie lacke,
If that she learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is fayre that is not full so blacke.

King

King. O paradox, Blacke is the badge of Hell,
The hue of dungions, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties crest becomes the heauens well.
Ber. Diuels soonest tempt resembling spirites of light.
O if in blacke my Ladyes browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting vsurping haire
Should rauish dooters with a false aspect:
And therefore is she borne to make blacke fayre.
Her fauour turnes the fashion of the dayes,
For natiue blood is counted paynting now:
And therefore redd that would auoyde dispraise,
Paintes it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.
Duma. To looke like her are Chimnie-sweepers blake.
Long. And since her time are Colliers counted bright.
King. And *Æthiops* of their sweete complexion crake.
Duma. Darke needes no Candles now, for darke is light.
Ber. Your Mistresses dare neuer come in raine,
For feare their colours should be washt away.
King. T were good yours did: for sir to tell you plaine,
Ile finde a fayrer face not washt to day.
Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till doomse-day heere.
King. No Diuel will fright thee then so much as shee.
Duma. I neuer knew man holde vile stuffe so deare.
Long. Looke, heer's thy loue, my foote and her face see.
Ber O if the streetes were paued with thine eyes,
Her feete were much too daintie for such tread.
Duma. O vile, then as she goes what vpward lyes?
The streete should see as she walkt ouer head.
King. But what of this, are we not all in loue?
Ber. O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.
King. Then leaue this chat, and good *Berowne* now proue
Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not torne.
Duma. I marie there, some flatterie for this euyll.
Long. O some authoritie how to proceede,
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheate the diuell.
Duma. Some salue for periurie.
Ber. O tis more then neede.
Haue at you then affections men at armes,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

Conſider what you firſt did ſweare vnto:
To faſt, to ſtudy, and to ſee no woman:
Flat treaſon gainſt the kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, Can you faſt? your ſtomacks are too young:
And abſtinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you haue vowd to ſtudie (Lordes)
In that each of you haue forſworne his Booke.
Can you ſtill dreame and poare and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Haue found the ground of Studies excellence,
Without the beautie of a womans face?
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,
From whence doth ſpring the true *Promethean* fire.
Why vniuerſall plodding poyſons vp
The nimble ſpirites in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The ſinnowy vigour of the trauayler.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You haue in that forſworne the vſe of eyes:
And ſtudie too, the cauſer of your vow.
For where is any Authour in the worlde,
Teaches ſuch beautie as a womas eye:
Learning is but an adiunct to our ſelfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewiſe is.
Then when our ſelues we ſee in Ladies eyes,
With our ſelues.
Do we not likewiſe ſee our learning there?
O we haue made a Vow to ſtudie, Lordes,
And in that Vow we haue forſworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Leedge) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation haue found out
Such fierie Numbers as the prompting eyes,
Of beautis tutors haue inritcht you with:
Other ſlow Artes intirely keepe the braine:
And therefore finding barraine practizers,
Scarce ſhew a harueſt of their heauie toyle.

But Loue firſt learned in a Ladies eyes,
Lines not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all elamentes,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in euery power,
And giues to euery power a double power,
Aboue their functions and their offices.
It addes a precious ſeeing to the eye:
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
A Louers eare will heare the loweſt ſound,
When the ſuſpitious head of theft is ſtopt.
Loues feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.
Loues tongue proues daintie, *Bachus* groſſe in taſte,
For Valoure, is not Loue a *Hercules*?
Still clyming trees in the *Heſperides*.
Subtit as *Sphinx*, as ſweete and muſicall,
As bright *Appolos* Lute, ſtrung with his haire.
And when Loue ſpeakes, the voyce of all the Goddes,
Make heauen drowſie with the harmonie.
Neuer durſt Poet touch a pen to write,
Vntill his Incke were tempred with Loues ſighes:
O then his lines would rauiſh ſauage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.
They ſparcle ſtill the right promethean fier,
They are the Bookes, the Artes, the Achademes,
That ſhew, containe, and nouriſh all the worlde.
Els none at all in ought proues excellent.
Then fooles you were, theſe women to forſweare:
Or keeping what is ſworne, you will proue fooles,
For Wiſedomes ſake, a worde that all men loue:
Or for Loues ſake, a worde that loues all men.
Or for Mens ſake, the authour of theſe Women:
Or Womens ſake, by whom we Men are Men.
Lets vs once looſe our othes to finde our ſelues,
Or els we looſe our ſelues, to keepe our othes:
It is Religion to be thus forſworne.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

For Charitie it selfe fulfilles the Law:
And who can seuer Loue from Charitie.
King. Saint *Cupid* then and Souldiers to the fielde.
Berow. Aduaunce your standars, and vpon them Lords,
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be first aduisd,
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.
Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay these glozes by,
Shall we resolue to woe these gyrles of Fraunce?
King. And winn them too, therefore let vs deuise,
Some enterteinment for them in their Tentes.
Ber. First from the Parke let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward euery man attach the hand
Of his faire Mistres, in the after noone
We will with some strange pastime solace them:
Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,
For Reuels, Dounces, Maskes, and merrie houres,
Forerunne faire Loue, strewing her way with flowers.
King. Away, away, no time shalbe omitted,
That will be time and may by vs befitted.
Ber. Alone alone sowed Cockell, reapt no Corne,
And Iustice alwayes whirles in equall measure:
Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forsorne,
If so our Copper byes no better treasure.

Enter the Pedant, the Curat, and Dull.

Pedant. *Satis quid sufficit.*
Curat. I prayse God for you sir, your reasons at Dinner haue been sharpe & sententious: pleasant without scurrilitie, wittie without affection, audatious without impudencie, learned without opinion, and strange without heresie: I did conuerse this quondam day with a companion of the kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armatho.*
Ped. Noui hominum tanquam te, His humour is loftie, his discourse peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate maiesticall, and his generall behauiour vaine, rediculous, & thrasonicall. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd as it were, too peregrinat as I may call it.

Curat

Curat. A most singuler and choyce Epithat,
Draw-out his Table-booke.
Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbositie, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhorre such phanatticall phantasims, such insociable and poynt deuise companions, such rackers of ortagriphie, as to speake dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he shold pronounce debt; d e b t, not det: he clepeth a Calfe, Cauſe: halfe, hauſe: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abreuiated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abbominable, it insinuateth me of infamie: *ne inteligis domine,* to make frantique lunatique?
Curat. *Laus deo, bene intelligo.*
Peda. *Bome boon for boon prescian,* a litle scratcht, twil serue.
Enter Bragart, Boy.
Curat. *Vides ne quis venit?*
Peda. *Video, et gaudio.*
Brag. Chirra.
Peda. *Quari* Chirra, not Sirra?
Brag. Men of peace well incontred.
Ped. Most millitarie sir salutation.
Boy. They haue been at a great feast of Languages, and stolne the scraps.
Clow. O they haue lyud long on the almsbasket of wordes. I maruaile thy M. hath not eaten thee for a worde, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdragon.
Page. Peace, the peale begins.
Brag. Mounsier, are you not lettred?
Page. Yes yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab speld backward with the horne on his head?
Poda. Ba, *puericia* with a horne added. (learning.
Pag. Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his
Peda. *Quis quis* thou Conſonant?
Pag. The last of the fiue Vowels if You repeate them, or the fift if I.
Peda. I will repeate them: a e I.
Pag. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.
Brag. Now by the fault wane of the meditaranium, a

sweete

sweete tutch, a quicke vene we of wit, snip snap, quicke and home, it reioiceth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offerd by a childe to an old man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigg.

Pag. Lende me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infaime *vnũ cuta* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Clow. And I had but one peny in the world thou shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: Holde, there is the verie Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfepennie purse of wit, thou Pidgin-egge of discretion. O and the heauens were so pleased, that thou wart but my Bastard; What a ioyfull father wouldest thou make me? Go to, thou hast it *ad dungil* at the fingers ends, as they say.

Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, *dunghel* for *vnguem*.

Brag. *Arts-man preambulat*, we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charg-house on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your sweete pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I do *sans question*.

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings most sweete pleasur & affection, to congratulate the Princesse at her Pauilion, in the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

Peda. The *posterior* of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after noone: the worde is well culd, chose, sweete, & apt I do assure you sir, I do assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familier, I do assure ye very good friende: for what is inwarde betweene vs, let it passe. I do beseech thee remember thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunt and most serious designes, and of great import in deede too: but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the worlde) sometime to leane vpon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my mustachie: but sweete hart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine

special, honours it pleaseth his greatnes to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of trauayle, that hath seene the worlde: but let that passe; the very all of all is: but sweet hart, I do implore secretie, that the King would haue me present the Princesse (sweete chuck) with some delightfull ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or fierworke: Now vnderstanding that the Curate and your sweete selfe, are good at such eruptions, and sodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the ende to craue your assistance.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning some entertainement of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rended by our assistants the Kinges commaund, and this most gallant illustrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princesse: I say none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthie enough to present them?

Peda. *Iosua*, your selfe, my selfe, and this gallant Gentleman *Iudas Machabeus*; this Swaine (because of his great lim or ioynt) shall passe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantitie enough for that worthies thumbe, he is not so big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? He shall present *Hercules* in minoritie: his enter and exit shalbe strangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpose.

Page. An excellent deuice: so if any of the audience hisse, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou crusshest the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to do it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Page. Thrice worthie Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attende.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beseech you follow.

Peda. *Via* good-man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no worde all this while.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

Dull. Not vnderstoode none neither sir.
Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.
Dull. Ile make one in a daunce, or so: or I will play on the Taber to the worthies, and let them dance the hey.
Peda. Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport: away. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Ladyes.

Quee. Sweete hartes we shalbe rich ere we depart,
Yf Fayrings come thus plentifully in.
A Ladie walde about with Diamondes: Looke you, what I haue from the louing King.
Rosa. Madame, came nothing els along with that?
Quee. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be crambd vp in a sheete of paper
Writ a both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to seale on *Cupids* name.
Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head Wax:
For he hath been fiue thousand yeere a Boy.
Kath. I and a shrowde vnhappie gallowes too.
Ros. Youle neare be friendes with him, a kild your sister.
Kath. He made her melancholie, sad, and heauie,
And so she died: had she bin Light like you, of such a mery nimble stiring spirit, she might a bin Grandam ere she died.
And so may you: For a light hart liues long.
Ros. Whats your darke meaning mouce, of this light word?
Kath. A light condition in a beautie darke.
Ros. We neede more light to finde your meaning out.
Kath. Yole marre the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore Ile darkly ende the argument.
Ros. Looke what you do, you do it still i'th darke.
Kath. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.
Ros. In deede I waigh not you, and therefore light.
Kath. You waigh me not, O thats you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.
Quee. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.
But *Rasaline*, you haue a Fauour too?
Who sent it? and what is it?

Rosa.

Ros. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witnesse this.
Nay I haue Verses too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the fayrest Goddesse on the ground.
I am comparde to twentie thousand fairs.
O he hath drawen my picture in his letter.
Quee. Any thing like?
Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.
Quee. Beautious as Incke: a good conclusion.
Kath. Faire as a text B in a Coppie booke.
Ros. Ware pensalls, How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter,
O that your face were not so full of Oes.
Quee. A Poxe of that iest, and I beshrow all Shrowes.
But *Katherine* what was sent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?
Kath. Madame, this Gloue.
Quee. Did he not send you twaine?
Kath. Yes Madame: and moreouer,
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer.
A hudge translation of hipocrisie,
Vildly compyled, profound simplicitie.
Marg. This, and these Pearle, to me sent *Longauile*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.
Quee. I thinke no lesse: Dost thou not wish in hart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.
Marg. I, or I would these handes might neuer part.
Quee. We are wise girles to mocke our Louers so.
Ros. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.
That same *Berowne* ile torture ere I go.
O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,
And wayte the season, and obserue the times,
And spend his prodigall wittes in bootelesse rimes,
And shape his seruice wholly to my deuice,
And make him proude to make me proude that iestes,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

So perttaunt like would I ore'sway his state,
That he should be my foole, and I his fate.
Quee. None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turnde Foole, follie in Wisedome hatcht:
Hath Wisedomes warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole.
Rosa. The blood of youth burnes not with such excesse,
As grauities reuolt to wantons be.
Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not so strong a note,
As foolrie in the Wise, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in simplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

Quee. Heere comes *Boyet*, and myrth is in his face.
Boyet. O I am stable with laughter, Wher's her Grace?
Quee. Thy newes *Boyet?*
Boy. Prepare Maddame, prepare.
Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Against your Peace Loue doth approch, disguysd:
Armed in argumentes, you'll be surprisd.
Muster your Wits, stande in your owne defence,
Or hide your heades like Cowardes, and flie hence.
Quee. Saint *Dennis* to S. *Cupid*: What are they,
That charge their breath against vs? Say scout say.
Boy. Vnder the coole shade of a Siccamone,
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might beholde addrest,
The King and his companions warely,
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer hard, what you shall ouer heare:
That by and by disguysd thy will be heere.
Their Heralde is a prettie knauish Page:
That well by hart hath cond his embassage
Action and accent did they teach him there,
Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Presence maiesticall would put him out:

For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see:
Yet feare not thou but speake audaciously.
The Boy replyde, An Angell is not euill:
I should haue feard her had shee been a deuill.
With that all laught, and clapt him on the shoulder,
Making the bolde wagg by their prayses bolder.
One rubbd his elbow thus, and fleerd, and swore,
A better speach was neuer spoke before.
Another with his synger and his thume,
Cried *via* we will doo't come what wil come.
The third he caperd and cryed, All goes well.
The fourth turnd on the tooe, and downe he fell:
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zelous laughter so profund,
That in this spleene rediculous appeares,
To checke their follie pashions solembe teares.
Quee. But what, but what, come they to visite vs?
Boy. They do, they do; and are appariled thus,
Like *Muscouites*, or *Russians*, as I gesse.
Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and daunce,
And euery one his Loue-feat will aduance,
Vnto his seuerall Mistres: which they'le know
By Fauours seuerall, which they did bestow.
Quee. And will they so? the Gallants shalbe taskt:
For Ladies; we will euery one be maskt,
And not a man of them shall haue the grace
Despight of sute, to see a Ladies face.
Holde *Rosaline*, this Fauour thou shalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Holde take thou this my sweete, and giue mee thine,
So shall *Berowne* take me for *Rosaline*.
And change you Fauours two, so shall your Loues
Woo contrarie, deceyued by these remoues.
Rosa. Come on then, weare the Fauours most in sight.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Quee. The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:
They do it but in mockerie merement,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

Their seuerall counsailes they vnbooſome ſhall,
To Loues miſtooke, and ſo be mockt withall,
Vpon the next occaſion that we meete,
With Viſages diſplayde to talke and greete.
Ros. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire vs toot?
Quee. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pend ſpeach render we no grace:
But while tis ſpoke each turne away his face.
Boy. Why that contempt will kill the ſpeakers hart,
And quite diuorce his memorie from his part.
Quee. Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So ſhall we ſtay mocking entended game,
And they wel mockt depart away with ſhame. *Sound Trom.*
Boy. The Trompet ſoundes, be maſkt, the maſkers come.

Enter Black-moores with muſicke, the Boy with a ſpeach, and the reſt of the Lordes diſguyſed.

Page. *All haile, the richeſt Beauties on the earth.*
Berow. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Page. *A holy parcell of the fayreſt dames that euer turnd their backes to mortall viewes.*
The Ladyes turne their backes to him.
Berow. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
Pag. *That euen turnde their eyes to mortall viewes.*
Out
Boy. True, out in deede.
Pag. *Out of your fauours heauenly ſpirites vouchſafe*
Not to beholde.
Berow. Once to beholde, rogue.
Page. *Once to beholde with your Sunne beamed eyes,*
With your Sunne beamed eyes.
Boyet. They will not anſwere to that Epythat,
You were beſt call it Daughter beamed eyes.
Pag. They do not marke me, and that bringes me out.
Ber. Is this your perfectnes? begon you rogue.

Roſa.

Roſal. What would theſe ſtranges?
Know their mindes *Boyet.*
If they do ſpeake our language, tis our will
That ſome plaine man recount their purpoſes.
Know what they would?
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?
Berow. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſa. What would they, ſay they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſa. Why that they haue, and bid them ſo be gon.
Boy. She ſaies you haue it, and you may be gon.
King. Say to her we haue meaſurd many miles,
To treade a Meaſure with her on this graſſe.
Boy. They ſay that they haue meaſurd many a mile,
To tread a Meaſure with you on this graſſe.
Roſa. It is not ſo. Aſke them how manie inches
Is in one mile? If they haue meaſured manie,
The meaſure then of one is eaſlie tolde.
Boy. If to come hither, you haue meaſurde miles,
And manie miles: the Princeſſe bids you tell,
How manie inches doth fill vp one mile?
Berow. Tell her we meaſure them by weerie ſteps.
Boy. She heares her ſelfe.
Roſa. How manie weerie ſteps,
Of manie weerie miles you haue ore gone,
Are numbred in the trauaile of one Mile?
Bero. We number nothing that we ſpend for you,
Our duetie is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may do it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſauages) may worſhip it.
Roſa. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.
King. Bleſſed are cloudes, to do as ſuch cloudes do.
Vouchſafe bright Moone, and theſe thy Starrs to ſhine,
(Thoſe cloudes remooued) vpon our waterie eyne.
Roſa. O vaine peticioner, begg a greater matter,
Thou now requeſts but Moone ſhine in the water.
King. Then in our meaſure, do but vouchſafe one change,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.
Rosa. Play Musique then: nay you must do it soone.
Not yet no daunce: thus change I like the Moone.
Kin. Wil you not daunce? How come you thus estranged?
Ro. You tooke the moone at ful, but now shee's changed?
King. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man.
Rosa. The musique playes, vouchsafe some motion to it,
Our eares vouchsafe it.
King. But your legges should do it.
Rosa. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
Weele not be nice, take handes, we will not daunce.
King. Why take we handes then?
Rosa. Onely to part friendes.
Curtsie sweete hartes, and so the Measure endes,
King. More measure of this measue be not nice.
Rosa. We can affoord no more at such a price.
King. Prise you your selues: What buyes your company?
Rosa. Your absence onely.
King. That can neuer be.
Rosa. Then cennot we be bought: and so adue.
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.
King. If you denie to daunce, lets holde more chat.
Rosa. In priuat then.
King. I am best pleasd with that.
Berow. White handed Mistres, one sweet word with thee.
Quee. Honie, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.
Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice,
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dosen sweetes.
Quee. Seuenth sweete adue, since you can cogg,
Ile play no more with you.
Ber. One word in secret.
Quee. Let it not be sweete.
Bero. Thou greeuest my gall.
Quee. Gall, bitter,
Bero. Therefore meete.
Duman. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Maria. Name it.

Duma.

Duma. Faire Ladie.
Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord, take that for your faire Lady
Duma. Please it you, as much in priuat, & ile bid adieu.
Maria. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason (Lady) why you aske.
Mari. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long?
Long. You haue a double tongue within your Maske,
And would afforde my speachles vizard halfe.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not veale a Calfe?
Long. A Calfe faire Ladie.
Mar. No, a faire Lorde Calfe.
Long. Let's part the word?
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.
Lon. Loke how you butt your selfe in these sharpe mocks,
Will you giue hornes chast Lady? do not so.
Mar. Then die a Calfe, before your hornes do grow.
Long. One word in priuate with you ere I die.
Mar. Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you crie.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking Wenches are as keene
As is the Rasors edge inuisible:
Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,
Aboue the sence of sence so sensible,
Seemeth their conference, their conceites haue winges,
Fleeter then Arrowes, bullets wind thought swifter thinges,
Rosa. Not one word more my Maides, break off, break off.
Bero. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.
King. Farewel mad Wenches, you haue simple wits. *Exe.*
Quee. Twentie adieus my frozen Muskouits.
Are these the breede of Wits so wondered at?
Boye. Tapers they are with your sweete breaths puft out.
Rosa. Wel-liking Wits they haue grosse grosse, fat fat.
Quee. O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.
Will they not (thinke you) hange them selues to nyght?
Or euer but in vizards shew their faces.
This pert *Berowne* was out of countnance quite.
Rosa. They were all in lamentable cases,
The King was weeping ripe for a good word.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

Quee. *Berowne* did sweare him selfe out of all suite.
Mar. *Dumaine* was at my seruice, and his sword.
No poynt(quoth I)my seruant, straight was mute.
Kath. Lord *Longauill* said I came ore his hart:
And trow you what he calde me?
Quee. Qualme perhapt.
Kath. Yes in good faith.
Quee. Goe sicknes as thou art.
Ros. Well,better wits haue worne plaine statute Caps.
But will you heare; the King is my Loue sworne.
Quee. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted Fayth to me.
Kath. And *Longauill* was for my seruice borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madame,and prettie mistresses giue eare.
Immediatly they will againe be heere,
In their owne shapes:for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.
Quee. Will they returne?
Boy. They will they will,God knowes,
And leape for ioy,though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Fauours,and when they repaire,
Blow like sweete Roses,in this sommer aire.
Quee. How blow?how blow? Speake to be vnderstood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt,their dammaske sweete commixture showne,
Are Angels varling cloudes,or Roses blowne.
Quee. Auaunt perplexitie,What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to woe?
Rosa. Good Madame, if by me youle be aduisde,
Lets mocke them still as well knowne as disguysde:
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heare,
Disguysd like *Muscouites* in shapeles geare:
And wonder what they were,and to what ende
Their shallow showes,and Prologue vildly pende,
And their rough carriage so rediculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies,withdraw: the gallants are at hand,
Quee. Whip to our Tents as Roes runs ore land, *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God saue you: Wher's the Princesse?
Boyet. Gone to her Tent. Please it your Maiestie commaunde me any seruice to her thither,
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will,and so will she,I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Berow. This fellow peckes vp Wit as Pidgions Pease,
And vtters it againe when God dooth please.
He is Witts Pedler,and retales his wares:
At Wakes and Wassels,meetings, markets,Faires,
And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeue,
Had he bin *Adam* he had tempted *Eue*.
A can carue to,and lispe: Why this is hee
That kist his hand, a way in courtisie.
This is the Ape of Forme,Mounsier the nice,
That when he playes at Tables chides the Dice
In honorable tearmes; nay he can sing
A meane most meanely, and in hushering.
Mende him who can,the Ladies call him sweete.
The staires as he treades on them kisse his feete.
This is the floure that smyles on euery one,
To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And consciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honie-tonged *Boyet*.
King. A blister on his sweete tongue with my hart,
That put *Armathoes* Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Bero. See where it comes. Behauiour what wert thou?
Till this mad man shewed thee, and what art thou now?
King. All haile sweete Madame,and faire time of day.
Quee. Faire in all Haile is foule,as I conceaue.
King. Construe my spaches better,if you may.
Quee. Then wish me better,I will giue you leaue.
King. We came to visite you, and purpose now,

To

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.
Quee. This Feelde shall holde me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God nor I delights in periurd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:
The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.
Que. You nickname vertue, vice you should haue spoke:
For vertues office neuer breakes mens troth.
Now by my maiden honour yet as pure,
As the vnsallied Lilly I protest,
A worlde of tormentes though I should endure,
I would not yeelde to be your houses guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heauenly Othes vowed with integritie.
King. O you haue liu'd in desolation heere,
Vnseene, vnuisited, much to our shame.
Quee. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
We haue had pastimes here and pleasant game,
A messe of *Russians* left vs but of late.
King. How Madame? *Russians?*
Quee. I in trueth My Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.
Rosa. Madame speake true: It is not so my Lord:
My Ladie (to the maner of the dayes)
In curtesie giues vndeserued praise.
We foure in deede confronted were with foure,
In *Russian* habite: heere they stayed an houre,
And talkt apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not blesse vs with one happie word.
I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
When they are thirstie, fooles would faine haue drinke.
Bero. This iest is drie to me, gentle sweete,
Your wits makes wise thinges foolish when we greete
With eies best seeing, heauens fierie eie:
By light we loose light, your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your hudge stoore,
Wise thinges seeme foolish, and rich thinges but poore.
Rosa. This proues you wise and rich: for in my eie.
Bero. I am a foole, and full of pouertie.

Rosa

Rosa. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch wordes from my tongue.
Ber. O, I am yours and all that I possesse.
Rosa. All the foole mine.
Ber. I cannot giue you lesse.
Ros. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?
Ber. Where, when, what Vizard? why demaund you this?
Rosa. There, then, that Vizard, that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shewed the better face.
King. We were descried, they'le mock vs now downright.
Duman. Let vs confesse and turne it to a iest.
Quee. Amazde my Lord? Why lookes your highnes sad?
Rosa. Helpe holde his browes, heele sound: why looke you pale?
Sea sicke I thinke comming from *Muscouie.*
Bero. Thus pooure the Starres downe plagues for periurie,
Can anie face of brasse hold longer out?
Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,
Bruse me with scorne, confound me with a flout.
Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance,
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:
And I will wish thee neuer more to daunce,
Nor neuer more in Rusian habite waite,
O neuer will I trust to speaches pend,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boyes tongue:
Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a blind harpers songue,
Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,
Three pilde Hiberboles, spruce affection:
Figures pedanticall, these sommer flies,
Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forsweare them, and I here protest,
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knowes)
Henceforth my wooing minde shalbe expresst
In russet yeas, and honest kersie noes.
And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,
My loue to thee is sound, *sance* cracke or flaw.
Rosa. Sans, sans, I pray you.

Ber.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

Bero. Yet I haue a tricke,
Of the olde rage: beare with me, I am sicke.
Ile leaue it by degrees; soft, let vs see,
Write *Lord haue mercie on vs*, on those three,
They are infected, in their hartes it lyes:
They haue the Plague, and caught it of your eyes,
These Lordes are visited, you are not free,
For the Lords tokens on you do I see.
Quee. No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs,
Berow. Our states are forfait, seeke not to vndoo vs.
Rosa. It is not so, for how can this be true,
That you stand forfait, being those that sue.
Bero. Peace, for I will not haue to doe with you.
Rosa. Nor shall not, if I do as I intende.
Bero. Speake for your selues, my wit is at an ende.
King. Teach vs sweet Madame, for our rude transgression
Some faire excuse.
Quee. The fairest is confession.
Were not you here but euen now, disguysde?
King. Madame, I was.
Quee. And were you well aduisde?
King. I was faire Madame.
Quee. When you then were heere,
What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?
King. That more then all the world, I did respect her.
Quee. When she shall challenge this, you wil reiect her.
King. Vpon mine honour no.
Quee. Peace peace, forbeare: your Oth once broke, you
force not to forsweare.
King. Despise me when I breake this oth of mine.
Quee. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Rosaline*,
What did the *Russian* whisper in your eare?
Rosa. Madame, he swore that he did hold me deare,
As precious eye-sight, and did value me
Aboue this Worlde: adding thereto more ouer,
That he would wed me, or els die my Louer.
Quee. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
Most honourablie doth vphold his word.

King

King. What meane you Madame: by my life my troth,
I neuer swore this Lady such an oth.
Rosal. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,
You gaue me this: but take it sir againe.
King. My faith and this, the Princesse I did giue,
I knew her by this Iewell on her sleeue.
Quee. Pardon me sir, this Iewell did she weare,
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?
Berow. Neither of either: I remit both twaine.
I see the tricke ant: here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our meriment,
To dash it like a Christmas Comedie:
Some carry tale, some please-man, some sleight saine:
Some mumble newes, some trencher Knight, some Dick
That smyles, his cheeke in yeeres, and knowes the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when shees dispos'd:
Told our intentes before: which once disclos'd,
The Ladies did change Fauours; and then wee
Folowing the signes, wood but the signe of shee,
Now to our periurie, to add more terror,
We are againe forsworne in will and error.
Much vpon this tis: and might not you
Forestall our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?
Do not you know my Ladies foote by'th squier?
And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?
And stand betweene her backe sir and the fier,
Holding a trencher, iesting merrilie?
You put our Page out: goe, you are aloude.
Die when you will, a Smocke shalbe your shroude.
You leere vpon me, do you: ther's an eie
Woundes like a leaden sword.
Boyet. Full merely hath this braue nuage, this carreere
bin run.
Bero. Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.

Enter Clowne.

Ber. Welcome pure wit, thou partst a faire fray.
Clow. O Lord sir, they would know,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

Whether the three Worthis shall come in or no?

Ber. What, are there but three?

Clow. No sir, but it is vara fine,
For euerie one pursents three.

Bero. And three times thrice is nine.

Clow. Not so sir, vnder correction sir, I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg vs sir, I can assure you sir, we know what we know: I hope sir three times thrice sir.

Bero. Is not nine.

Clow. Vnder correction sir we know where-vntill it doth amount.

Bero. By Ioue, I all wayes tooke three threes for nine.

Clow. O Lord sir, it were pittie you should get your liuing by reckning sir.

Bero. How much is it?

Clow. O Lord sir, the parties themselues, the actors sir will shew wher-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as thy say, but to parfect one man in one poore man) *Pompion* the great sir.

Bero. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clow. It pleased them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey* the great: for mine owne part I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

Bero. Goe bid them prepare. *(Exit.)*

Clow. We wil turne it finely off sir, we wil take some care.

King. *Berowne*, they will shame vs: let them not approch.

Bero. We are shame proofe my Lord: & tis some policie
To haue one show worse then the Kings and his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Quee. Nay my good Lord let me ore'rule you now.
That sport best pleases, that doth best know how:
Where zeale striues to content, and the contentes
Dies in the zeale of that which it presentes:
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in myrth,
When great thinges labouring perish in their byrth.

Bero. A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Bragart.

Brag. Annoynted, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweete

sweete breath, as will vtter a brace of wordes.

Quee. Doth this man serue God?

Bero. Why aske you?

Quee. A speakes not like a man of God his making.

Brag. That is al one my faire sweete honie monarch,
For I protest, the Schoolemaister is exceeding fantasticall,
Too too vaine, too too vaine: but we will put it (as they say) to *Fortuna delaguar*, I wish you the peace of mind most royall cupplement. *Exit.*

King. Heere is like to be a good presence of Worthies: He presents *Hector* of *Troy*, the Swaine *Pompey* the great, the parish Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*, the Pedant *Iudas Machabeus*: And if these foure Worthies in their first shew thriue, these foure will change habites, and present the other fiue.

Bero. There is fiue in the first shew.

King. You are deceiued, tis not so.

Bero. The Pedant, the Bragart, the Hedge-Priest, the Foole, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Nouum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot picke out fiue such, take each one in his vaine.

Kin. The Ship is vnder sayle, and heere she coms amaine.

Enter Pompey.

Clowne. *I* Pompey *am.*

Bero. You lie, you are not he.

Clow. *I* Pompey *am,*

Boyet. With Libbards head on knee. (thee.

Ber. Well said old mocker, I must needes be friendes with

Clow. *I* Pompey *am,* Pompey *surnamde the bigge.*

Duma. The great.

Clow. *It is great sir,* Pompey *surnamd the great,*
That oft in fielde with Targ and Shield did make my foe to sweat,
And trauailing along this coast I heere am come by chaunce,
And lay my Armes before the Leggs of this sweete Lasse of Fraunce.
If your Ladiship would say thankes Pompey, *I had done.*

Lady. Great thankes great *Pompey.*

Clo. Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I made a litle fault in great.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

Bero. My hat to a halfe-pennie, *Pompey* prooues the best Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liud, I was the worldes commander:
By East, West, North, and South, I spred my conquering might:
My Scutchion plaine declares that I am Alisander. (right.

Boyet. Your Nose saies no, you are not: for it stands too

Be. Your nose smels no in his most tender smelling knight.

Qu. The conqueror is dismaid: proceed good *Alexander.*

Cura. When in the worlde I liued, I was the worldes commander.

Boy. Most true, tis right: you were so *Alisander.*

Bero. Pompey the great.

Clow. Your seruant and *Costard.*

Bero. Take away the Conqueronr, take away *Alisander.*

Clow. O sir, you haue ouerthrowne *Alisander* the Conquerour: you will be scrapt out of the painted cloth for this. Your Lion that holdes his Polax sitting on a close stoole, will be geuen to *Aiax.* He wilbe the ninth Worthie: a Conquerour, and a feard to speake? Run away for shame *Alisander.* There ant shall please you a foolish mylde man, an honest man; looke you, and soone dasht. He is a marueylous good neighbour fayth, and a very good Bowler: but for *Alisander,* alas you see how tis a little oreparted, but there are Worthies a comming will speake their minde in some other sort. *Exit Curat.*

Quee. Stand aside good *Pompey.*

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Peda. Great Hercules *is presented by this Impe,*
Whose Clubb kilde Cerberus *that three headed* Canus,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his Manus,
Quoniam, *he seemeth in minoritie,*
Ergo, *I come with this Appologie.*
Keepe some state in thy exit, and vanish. *Exit* Boy.
Peda. Iudas *I am.*

Dum.

Dum. A Iudas.

Pedan. Not Iscariot sir.

Iudas *I am, ecliped* Machabeus.

Dum. Iudas Machabeus *clipt, is plaine* Iudas.

Bero. A kissing traytour. How art thou proud *Iudas?*

Peda. Iudas I am.

Duma. The more shame for you *Iudas.*

Peda. What meane you sir?

Boyet. To make *Iudas* hang him selfe.

Pedan. Begin sir, you are my elder.

Bero. Well followed, *Iudas* was hanged on an Elder.

Pedan. I will not be put out of countenance.

Bero. Becausе thou hast no face.

Pedan. What is this?

Boyet. A Cytterne head.

Duma. The head of a Bodkin.

Bero. A deaths face in a Ring.

Long. The face of an olde Roman coyne, scarce seene.

Boyet. The pummel of *Cæsars* Fauchion.

Duma. The carud-bone face on a Flaske.

Bero. Saint *Georges* halfe cheeke in a Brooch.

Duma. I and in a Brooch of Lead.

Bero. I and worne in the cappe of a Tooth-drawer: And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance.

Peda. You haue put me out of countenance.

Bero. False, we haue giuen thee faces.

Peda. But you haue outfaste them all.

Bero. And thou weart a Lyon, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore as he is, an Asse, let him go: And so adue sweete *Iude.* Nay, Why dost thou stay?

Duma. For the latter ende of his name.

Bero. For the *Asse* to the *Iude:* giue it him. *Iudas* away.

Pedan. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for Mounsier *Iudas,* it growes darke, he may stumble.

Quee. Alas poore *Machabeus,* how hath he bin bayted.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14) Octavo

Eeter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in Armes.

Duma. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

King. *Hector* was but a *Troyan* in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this *Hector?*

King. I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timberd.

Long. His Legge is too bigge for *Hectors.*

Duman. More Calfe certaine.

Boye. No, he is best indued in the small.

Bero. This cannot be *Hector.*

Duma. Hee's a God or a Painter: for he makes faces.

Braggart. *The Armipotent* Mars, *of Launces the almightie, gaue* Hector *a gift.*

Duma. A gift Nutmegg.

Bero. A Lemmon.

Long. Stucke with Cloues.

Dum. No clouen.

Brag. *Peace. The Armipotent* Mars, *of Launces the almighty, Gaue* Hector *a gift, the heir of Illion,*
A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight; yea,
From morne till night out of his Pauilion.
I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Brag. Sweete Lord *Longauill* raine thy tongue.

Long. I must rather giue it the raine: for it runnes against *Hector.*

Dum. I and *Hector's* a Greyhound.

Brag. The sweete War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweete chucks beat not the bones of the buried:
When he breathed he was a man:
But I will forward with my deuice; sweete royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

Berowne steps foorth.

Quee. Speake braue *Hector*, we are much delighted.

Brag. *I do adore thy sweete Graces Slipper.*

Boyet

Boyet Loues her by the foote.

Dum. He may not by the yarde.

Brag. *This* Hector *far surmounted* Hanniball,
The partie is gone,

Clow. Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Brag. What meanest thou?

Clow. Faith vnlesse you play the honest *Troyan*, the poore wench is cast away: shee's quicke, the childe bragges in her bellie already: tis yours.

Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates: Thou shalt die.

Clow. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hangd for *Pompey* that is dead by him.

Duma. Most rare *Pompey.*

Boyet. Renowned *Pompey.*

Bero. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*: *Pompey* the hudge.

Dum. *Hector* trembles.

Bero. *Pompey* is mooued more Ates more Atees stir them or stir them on.

Duma. *Hector* will challenge him.

Bero. I, if a'haue no more mans blood in his belly then will suppe a Flea.

Brag. By the North Pole I do challenge thee.

Clow. I will not fight with a Pole like a Northren man; Ile slash, Ile do it by the Sword: I bepray you let me borrow my Armes againe.

Duma. Roome for the incensed Worthies.

Clow. Ile do it in my shyrt.

Duma. Most resolute *Pompey.*

Page. Maister, let me take you a button hole lower. Do you not see, *Pompey* is vncasing for the Combat: What meane you? you will loose your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers, pardon me, I will not combat in my shyrt. (lenge.

Duma. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the chal-

Brag. Sweete bloodes, I both may and will,

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Bero. What reason haue you fort.

Brag. The naked trueth of it is, I haue no Shirt: I goe Woolward for pennance.

Boy. True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want of Linnen: since when, Ile be sworne he wore none, but a dish-clout of *Iaquenettaes*, and that a weares next his hart for a Fauour.

Enter a Messenger Mounsier Marcade.

Marcad. God saue you Madame.

Quee. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interrnpptest our merriment.

Marcad. I am sorrie Madame for the newes I bring is heauie in my tongue. The King your father

Quee. Dead for my life.

Marcad. Euen so: my tale is tolde.

Ber. Worthies away, the Scæne begins to cloude.

Brag. For mine owne part I breath free breath: I haue seene the day of wrong through the litle hole of discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier. *Exeunt Worthy.*

King. How fares your Maiestie?

Quee. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to nyght.

King Madame Not so, I do beseech you stay.

Quee. Prepare I say: I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeuours and intreat:
Out of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wisedome to excuse, or hide,
The liberall opposition of our spirites,
If ouerboldly we haue borne our selues,
In the conuerse of breath (your gentlenes
Was guyltie of it.) Farewell worthy Lord:
A heauie hart beares not a humble tongue,
Excuse me so comming too short of thankes,
For my great sute, so easely obtainde.

King. The extreame partes of time extreamly formes,
All causes to the purpose of his speede:
And often at his very loose decides.

That, which long processe could not arbitrate,
And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the smyling courtecie of Loue,
The holy suite which faine it would conuince,
Yet since Loues argument was first on foote,
Let not the cloude of Sorrow iustle it
From what it purposd, since to wayle friendes lost,
Is not by much so holdsome profitable,
As to reioyce at friendes but newly found.

Quee. I vnderstand you not, my griefes are double.

Bero. Honest plaine words, best pearce the eare of griefe,
And by these badges vnderstand the King,
For your faire sakes, haue we neglected time.
Plaide foule play with our othes: your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our humours
Euen to the opposed ende of our ententes.
And what in vs hath seemed rediculous:
As Loue is full of vnbefitting straines,
All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine,
Formd by the eye, and therefore like the eye.
Full of straying shapes, of habites and of formes:
Varying in subiectes as the eye doth roule,
To euery varied obiect in his glaunce:
Which partie coted presence of loose loue
Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eyes,
Haue misbecombd our othes and grauities.
Those heauenly eyes that looke into these faultes,
Suggested vs to make, therefore Ladies
Our loue being yours, the errour that Loue makes
Is likewise yours: we to our selues proue false,
By being once falce, for euer to be true
To those that make vs both faire Ladies you,
And euen that falshood in it selfe a sinne,
Thus purifies it selfe and turns to grace.

Quee. We haue receiud your Letters, full of Loue:
Your Fauours, embassadours of Loue.
And in our mayden counsaile rated them,
At courtshyp pleasant iest and courtecie,

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As bombast and as lyning to the time:
But more deuout then this our respectes,
Haue we not been, and therefore met your Loues,
In their owne fashyon like a merriment.
Dum. Our letters madame, shewed much more then iest.
Long. So did our lookes.
Rosa. We did not cote them so.
King. Now at the latest minute of the houre,
Graunt vs your loues.
Quee. A time me thinkes too short,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in:
No no my Lord, your Grace is periurde much,
Full of deare guiltines, and therefore this,
If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me:
Your oth I will not trust, but goe with speede
To some forlorne and naked Hermytage,
Remote from all the pleasurs of the world:
There stay vntill the twelue Celestiall Signes
Haue brought about the annuall reckoning.
If this Austere insociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood.
If frostes and fastes, hard lodging, and thin weedes,
Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue:
But that it beare this tryall, and last Loue,
Then at the expiration of the yeere,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these desertes:
And by this Virgin palme now kissing thine,
I wilbe thine: and till that instance shutt
My wofull selfe vp in a mourning house,
Rayning the teares of lamentation,
For the remembraunce of my Fathers death.
If this thou do deny, let our handes part,
Neither intiled in the others hart.
King. If this, or more then this, I would denie,
To flatter vp these powers of mine with rest,
The sodaine hand of death close vp mine eye,
Hence herrite then my hart, is in thy brest.

Berow. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?
Rosal. You must be purged too, your sinnes are rackt.
You are attaint with faultes and periurie:
Therefore if you my fauour meane to get,
A twelue month shall you spende and neuer rest,
But seeke the weery beddes of people sicke.
Duma. But what to me my Loue? but what to me?
Kath. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,
With three folde loue I wish you all these three.
Duma. O shall I say, I thanke you gentle Wife?
Kath. Not so my Lord, a twelue month and a day,
Ile marke no wordes that smothfast wooers say,
Come when the King doth to my Lady come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you some.
Duma. Ile serue thee true and faythfully till then.
Kath. Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen.
Longauill. What saies *Maria?*
Mari. At the twelue months ende,
Ile change my blacke Gowne for a faithfull frend.
Long. Ile stay with patience, but the time is long.
Mari. The liker you, few taller are so young.
Berow. Studdies my Ladie? Mistres looke on me,
Beholde the window of my hart, mine eye:
What humble suite attendes thy answere there,
Impose some seruice on me for thy Loue.
Rosa. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne,*
Before I saw you: and the worldes large tongue
Proclaymes you for a man repleat with mockes,
Full of comparisons and wounding floutes:
Which you on all estetes will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your wit:
To weede this wormewood from your fructfull braine,
And therewithall to winne me, yf you please,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You shall this twelue month terme from day to day,
Visite the speachlesse sicke, and still conuerse,
With groning wretches: and your taske shall be,
With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,

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To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Berow. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.
Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.
Rosal. Why thats the way to choake a gibing spirrit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers giue to fooles,
A iestes prosperitie lies in the eare,
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then if sickly eares
Deaft with the clamours of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle scornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that spirrit,
And I shall finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.
Berow. A twelue month? well; befall what will befall,
Ile iest a twelue month in an Hospitall.
Queen. I sweete my Lord, and so I take my leaue.
King. No Madame, we will bring you on your way.
Berow. Our wooing doth not ende like an olde Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie
Might well haue made our sport a Comedie.
King. Come sir, it wants a twelue month an'aday,
And then twill ende.
Berow. That's too long for a Play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweete Maiestie vouchsafe me.
Queen. Was not that *Hector?*
Duma. The worthie Knight of *Troy.*
Brag. I will kisse thy royall finger, and take leaue.
I am a Votarie; I haue vowde to *Iaquenetta*
To holde the Plough for her sweete loue three yeere.
But most esteemed greatnes, will you heare the Dialogue
that the two Learned men haue compiled, in prayse of the
Owle and the Cuckow? it should haue followed in the
ende

ende of our shew.
King. Call them foorth quickly, we will do so.
Brag. *Holla*, Approch.

Enter all.

Brag. This side is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: The one maynteined by the Owle,
th'other by the Cuckow.

B. Ver begin.

The Song.

When Dasies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-budds of yellow hew:
And Ladi-smockes all siluer white,
Do paint the Meadowes with delight:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mocks married men; for thus singes hee,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oten Strawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens Clocks:
When Turtles tread and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus singes he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Isacles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Sheepheard blowes his naile:
And Thom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke coms frozen home in paile:
When Blood is nipt, and wayes be full,

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Then nightly ſinges the ſtaring Owle.
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloude the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parſons ſaw;
And Birdes ſit brooding in the Snow,
And Marrians noſe lookes red and raw:
When roaſted Crabbs hiſſe in the bowle,
Then nightly ſinges the ſtaring Owle,
Tu-whit to-who,
A merrie note,
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

The vvordes of Mercurie, are harsh after the ſonges of Apollo.

FINIS.

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